

covered boughs—some very large—growing on the banks of the creek, presenting at a distance the appearance of an apple-tree laden with fruit. On we go, down, down, first on one side of the creek, then on the other, the bluffs drawing in close on both sides, through deep cuts, over high bridges, with rapidly changing scenery on either hand. Soon we enter a little valley where once was located the San Jose Junction at

Sunol—the road bed of which can be seen on the left. Then the caynon narrows to a gorge, and on, on we go past the old "Vallejo Mill," the track curving to the westward, and 11.6 miles from Pleasanton the train arrives at

Niles—elevation 86 feet. From Livermore Pass we have descended 654 feet, and are now in the valley, which continues to San Francisco Bay.

Niles is situated in the thickest settled portion of Alameda Valley, surrounded by the finest lands in the State of California, and will, at no distant day, be a place of considerable importance. Seven miles to the south, by rail, are the noted warm springs of Alameda county.

Niles is now the junction of the San Jose branch, which runs around the head of Alameda Valley and San Francisco Bay. As the train for San Jose is ready, let us step on board and take a look at the country. Four miles brings us to WASHINGTON, About two miles to the east is located the old mission San Jose, in a delightful nook in the mountains, just such a beautiful site as all the old Padres were sure to select. Three miles further is the WARM SPRINGS, where the traveler will find ample accommodations for a pleasant sojourn. These springs are situated a short distance from the station, in a quiet little valley among the foot-hills, rather retired, surrounded by attractive scenery. The waters are impregnated with sulphur, and are highly spoken of for their medicinal qualities. Near these springs is one of several country residences owned by the Hon. Leland Stanford, President of this road. It is now occupied by his brother, Josiah, who overlooks many orchards of choice fruit, besides a vineyard containing 100,000 vines. From the Springs it is four miles to MILPETAS, and seven more to SAN JOSE, at which place the "Central" connects with the Southern Pacific railroad for the north and south. (see description of San Jose on page 230.)

Returning to Niles, we continue our journey towards "Frisco."

On a clear day, the city of San Francisco—26 miles distant—can be distinctly seen a little to the left, ahead of the train across the bay.

Decota—is three miles from Niles, through beautiful fields on our left and high bluffs on the right. This is a new town—one preparing for the future, and promises at this time to be one of unusual importance as a suburban residence for the merchant princes of San Francisco.

The lots are very large, with wide avenues, beside which are planted long rows of trees—most y eucalyptus—to the number of from 40,000 to 50,000. The water comes from living springs, which flow abundantly a few miles to the east in the mountains. To the left the valley stretches away ten miles to San Francisco Bay, dotted here and there with comfortable farm-houses, and on all sides extensive and well-cultivated fields.

Passing along, many young orchards and groves of trees will be noticeable, also some of the beautiful country residences of San Francisco's merchants.

Hayward's Station—is 6.3 miles from Decota. The town is one mile to the east, nestling in beside the mountains, and a lovely hamlet it is, completely embowered in ornamental trees, among which are the Japanese persimmon. Near the town are two groves of eucalyptus trees, of about 150 acres, aggregating 250,000 trees, 200,000 of which are raising for the Railroad Company. The town has a population of about 1,000, many of whom do business in San Francisco, going and returning daily, 22 miles.

Along this valley for many miles, the Railroad Company have planted, beside their road, double rows of the "gum-tree," as the eucalyptus is called here, and we understand, should the experiment prove satisfactory they will continue the planting until their whole 2,000 miles of road and branches from Ogden, in Utah, to Yuma, in Arizona, will all be lined with these peculiar trees.

From Hayward's it is 2.7 miles to

Lorenzo—This is a small village surrounded by wealth of all kinds. Away to the right, beside the mountain, that large building is the County Poor House. Some of the pioneers of this country, and others that were once rich, are in that building. This is a country where the "ups and